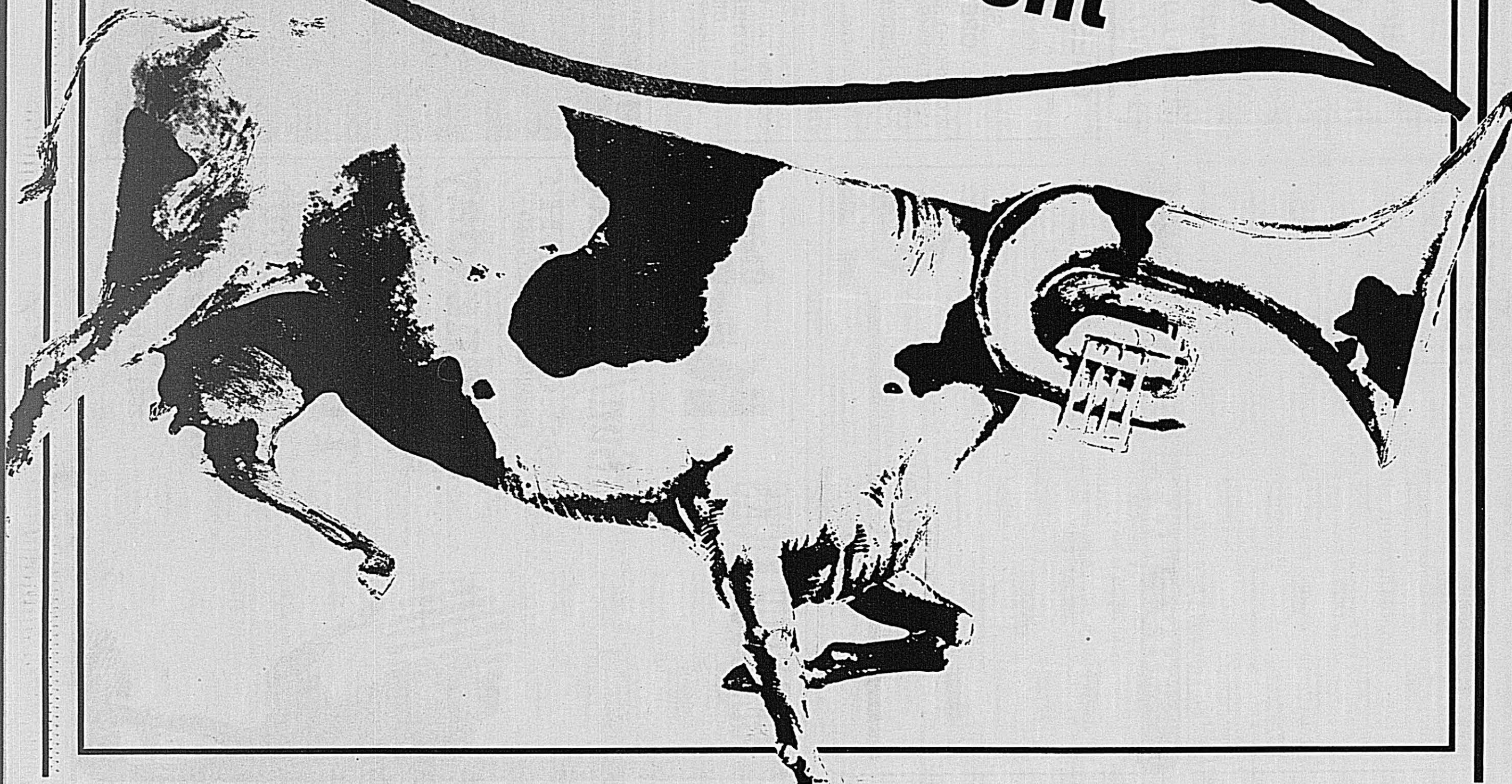


# **Bovine Supplement**

Septem-  
ber 8, 1988  
Vol. 88, no. 3



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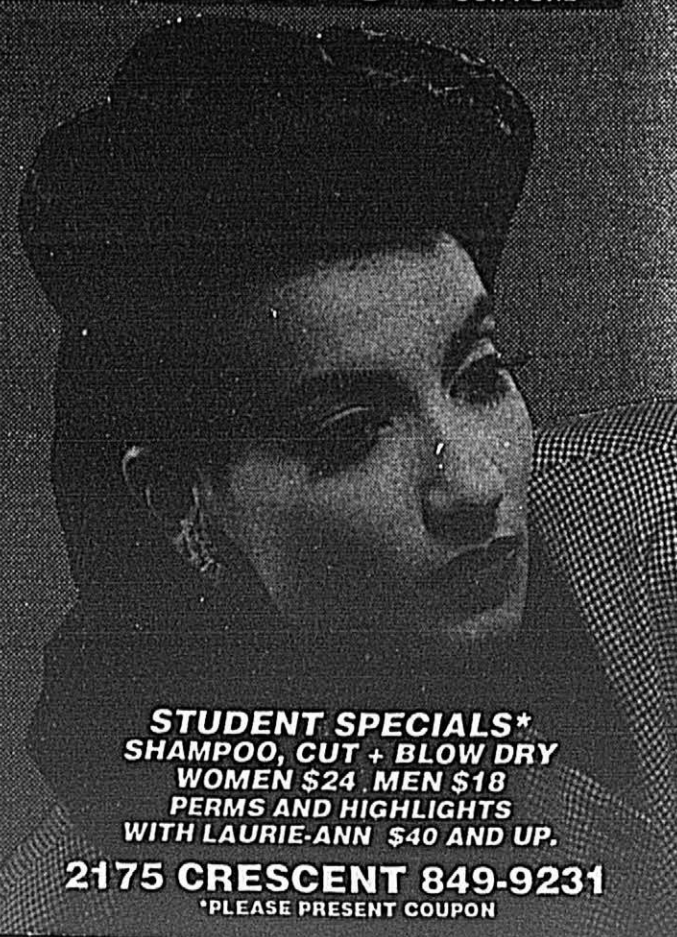
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# Boob tree in really serious jeopardy

BY ELIZABETH O'GRADY

Imagine a group of small children, naked, jumping on a lawn and playing with water. This was a photograph, scheduled to be shown on a bus in Vancouver as part of a public art project. Then authorities stepped in for the public good and the photograph was removed. The bus driver had complained that he "didn't want any perverts on his bus."

If this sounds like censorship to you, you are not alone. The organizers and most of the visitors to Art in Jeopardy, presently at Article Gallery, agree with you.

Art in Jeopardy skirts the debate on art versus pornography, to focus on civil liberties and censorship. The exhibition divides censorship into six categories: self-censorship, curatorial censorship, public protest with gallery support, public protest without gallery support, censorship by federal bodies, and media censorship.

The subject of the exhibit is of personal interest to its curator, Jeannie Kamins. Said Kamins, "I've always done erotic art—in fact, my drawings were first confiscated in the third grade. When bill C-54 appeared, I wanted to make a statement. I was going to compare the wording of C-54 with the actual



The picnic lunch by Jeannie Kamins

images being done, but the work I received didn't reflect this."

All the works on show have been previously censored. "I didn't censor at all," said Kamins. "I would let anything go through that didn't hurt people. For anything that hurts people there's already a law on the books. I accepted everything sent to me. There are a couple of pieces which I didn't have room to show, but other works by the same artists are displayed. The pieces themselves become an example of absurdity of what happens when censorship becomes the norm."

Kamins believes in treating pornography as a symptom rather than as a cause. "You don't need legislation to end abuse of women but you need jobs and shelters," she says.

"When there's censorship, the people doing the censoring have their own agenda and you're down to personal prejudices. They'll censor a penis quicker than a vagina and breasts don't make anyone blink these days. Another example is the censors' objection to natural processes, which is misogynist. Every month, every woman from twelve to fifty menstruates. No woman has any control over it, yet they consider it dirty. To me, that's like considering eating offensive."

According to Kamins, the popular distinction between pornography and erotica only blurs the real issue at hand. "This exhibition is not related to art or pornography as much as it is a civil libertarian issue. What if they pushed erotic art, not

pornography? If we had healthy images out there, people wouldn't need pornography. They go to "dirty" ones because right now that is their only access to sex," she said.

The powers that be are of a different opinion. Although Kamins applied to the Canada Council, the Québec Arts Council, and the city for funding, she was forced to raise the funds herself for the exhibit.

No two works in the exhibit are alike, in style, or in subject matter. The ideologies of the creators are correspondingly diverse. One fun piece is the "Boob Tree", designed by Phyllis Green for the Woman as Viewer show in Winnipeg. Instead of leaves topping this unusual tree there are bright pink breasts sticking out in all directions. The work is

crocheted, a form not usually accorded much respect, and traditionally considered "women's work". The tree definitely has chutzpah...could be just the thing for that bare corner of the living room. Reactions to it varied. Some viewers took care to stand a safe distance away and others walked right up to it and squeezed gleefully.

The piece reproduced here, entitled "Picnic Lunch", is by Kamins. It was removed from one exhibition in B.C. and in a second exhibition it was moved to a less visible position. Why should this be considered offensive? I see no violence, no hatred, no degradation. I see two people enjoying themselves in the waves of a fabric ocean.

Lise Melhorn-Boe's "Breasts" is a collection of ten papier-mâché brassieres, on which have been stencilled remarks from different women on such varied subjects as their first bra, their self-image, and how these were shaped by commercial media images. The piece is hardly erotic but because of the subject matter it was rejected for display by a gallery in Ontario.

The exhibit's catalogue includes an essay by American activist songwriter Fred Small which argues against the absurdity of censoring such works. "We need to see each other naked, casually and nonsexually, at the beach and in our backyards, to know what real people look like, to preempt prurience," writes Small. "In a society that encourages inquisitive, guilt-free discussion of sex from childhood on, pornography would be an absurd irrelevancy."

The exhibition argues that censorship will affect erotic and political art as well as pornography. The Conservatives' Bill C-54, introduced in 1986 and revised in 1987, is restrictive, as it would classify almost all sexuality as pornography, perhaps even paintings in art galleries. It would forbid any images of nudity to be sold to those under 18, or to be sold without an opaque wrapper and warnings.

Chances are the bill will never be passed, but it makes the Conservatives popular with the radical right fringe groups—folks like Real Women. This is the main reason, in Kamins' opinion, that C-54 exists.

You don't have to be strongly anti-censorship to appreciate the exhibition. The art is diverse and of a generally high quality. If you're concerned about the issue of censorship or even if you just want to annoy some dirty little minds by seeing what they think you shouldn't see, go. Galerie Article is at 4060 Saint-Laurent, corner of Duluth. Art in Jeopardy runs till September 25.

# Limp sex in Bigot country

BY MOTHER XIAO

*Betrayed* is not a love story. Betrayed is not a thriller. But it tries to be both and also engages in some "profound" apologetics for violent racism in America while trying to protect the nation's image of liberty and justice.

The story builds around the brutal (trust me, it's really bloody) murder of a controversial Chicago radio talk-show host. The victim, who is Jewish, is pinned to his car by bullets after making a couple of tough anti-racist remarks on the air. The letters "Z. O. G" standing for "Zionist Occupation Government" (give me a break) are sprayed across his body and the car by two men in black mosquito netting.

A young, beautiful and inexperienced FBI agent called Cathy Weaver (played by Debra Winger) who is having problems with her love life plunges into the mess by going undercover as Texan "Katie Phillips." She wanders into the heart of the midwest and predictably falls in love with the main murder suspect, "Redneck" Gary Simmons, played by reputed sex

symbol Tom Berenger. Do the words "Jagged Edge" stir any memories? It's the same writer—Joe Eszterhas. But while *Jagged Edge* was clean and professional, its suspense original, *Betrayed* is an emotional re-hash of a hundred different films with a confused anti-racist motif.

So Weaver/Phillips "makes love" with Simmons a few times before she discovers that he's a dirty-mouthed bigot. She also witnesses another brutal murder (even bloodier than the first) of a "damned nigger" and runs to her FBI ex-lover boss, who sends her right back into Bigot Country to

gather more evidence against Simmons. Weaver feels Betrayed because she "fell in love" with Simmons and his country-style white cake, loving and cooking mother and pretty, wide-eyed children.

So Weaver fucks Simmons again, although she feels "dirty" about it. Simmons bares his dark, evil soul and reveals the crooked operations of ZOG to her. He takes her to a ZOG camp where lots of men in hooded white robes stand around in rings and burn crosses (ring a bell?).

She talks to a senior bigot there who tells her, "I have a heart like you do. All I want to do is grow ma crops and raise ma boys. The banks took away ma money, and Vietnam took away ma boys." Gee, what a shame—is that why this poor old man wants to destroy all Jews, "niggers" and "faggots"? Perhaps this is what runs through Weaver's mind as an orange campfire glows softly in his face.

So Weaver becomes more deeply involved with her killer-fascist. She tries to understand his troubled past, stained by an unhappy marriage and dotted by

war, poverty and Betrayals. According to the film's publicity material, "he is possessed by a harrowing fear of a world changing too fast and ravaging all that he fought for and believed."

Although Weaver gives Simmons's little daughter several lectures on "How little Black girls also love their Black fathers" in free liberty-splattered America, she never tries to correct her lover's views. She questions his actions a number of times only to find ugly, uglier, and then ugliest answers.

Another bizarre twist develops in the movie when Weaver discovers that the FBI are also cold, heartless killers. Surprise! And then Weaver accepts Simmons's marriage proposal. But, Simmons finds out who she really is and (poor guy) weeps openly.

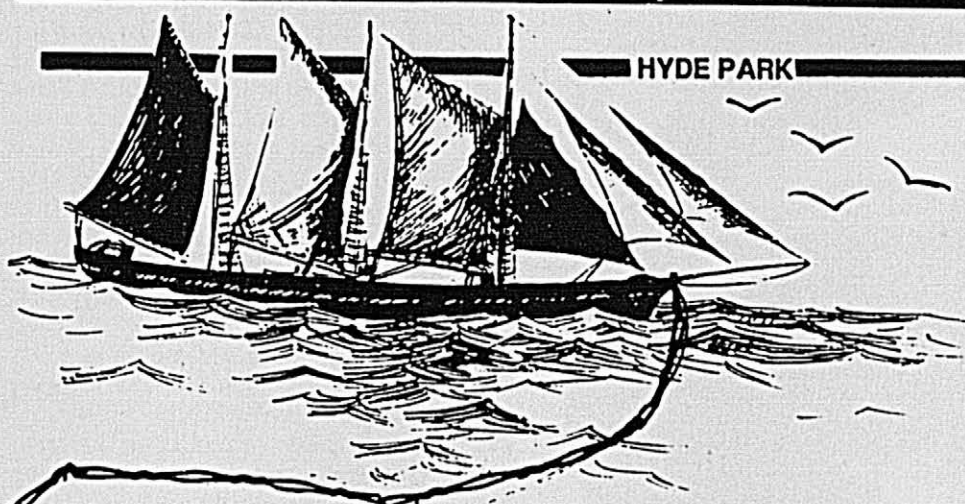
Sorry if I've told you most of the story—I wonder if you can guess its ending. (Try *Jagged Edge* again.) So what's this movie about anyway? The press release says that it's a "chilling journey into a heretofore unexplored America hidden behind the familiar and comfortable pano-



continued on page 8

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## Student salvation

Feeling lost or overwhelmed at McGill? Relax. There exists a place where (almost) all of your non-academic questions can be answered—only as far away as the Student Union Building.

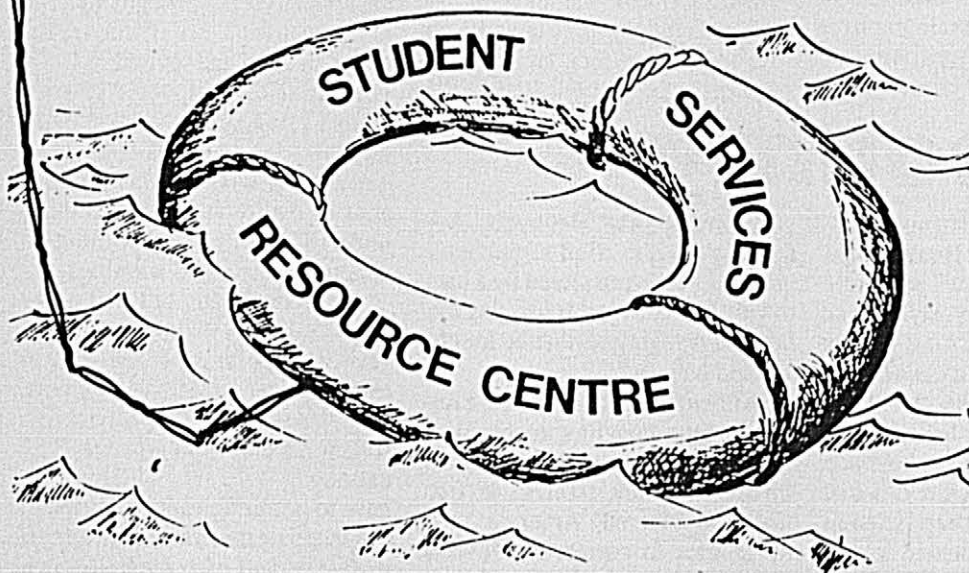
Having opened on August 23 and operating until September 9, a Resource Centre facility for all new and returning students, parents, staff and others can be found in Room 107/08 of the Student Union. The Centre provides information on campus interest groups, student organisations, student services, Legal Aid, community events and organisations, services for international students, counselling services, off-campus housing, Welcome Week, CKUT Radio McGill, and more.

Refreshments and a place to relax are just a few of the incentives for dropping by. To date, nearly 4 000 students have already taken the opportunity to do so. Door prizes will be given away to visitors on a daily basis: cruelty-free La Coupe products, gift certificates from the McGill Bookstore, tickets to the Fine Arts Museum's Chagall exhibit, t-shirts and money from the American Rock Café, free passes to the Centaur Theatre and The Comedy Nest, and much more.

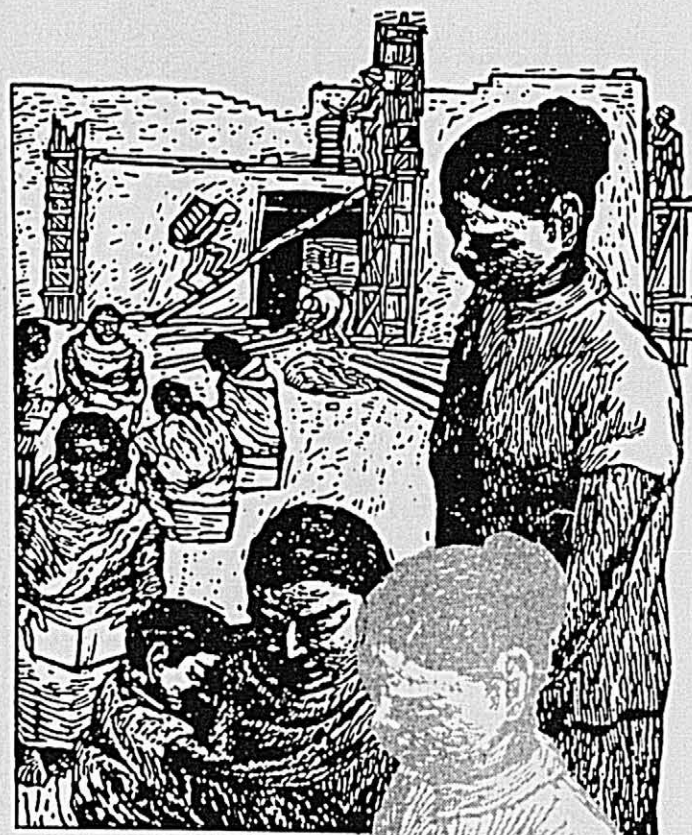
Funded by the Alma Mater Fund, this service is organised through the office of the Dean of Students, and is in its third year of operations.

Volunteers have been trained to answer your inquiries and help you feel settled in Montréal.

Essentially, the Resource Centre exists for your benefit, and its staff looks forward to helping you in any way possible. Open weekdays from 10h30 to 18h00. For more information, please feel free to contact Micheline or Myriam at 398-4202.



## WALK



On Sunday September 11, partners in Third World development will participate in a 10 km walk at Parc Maisonneuve. The Walk-a-thon, which will take place in five cities across Canada has been organised by the Canadian Branch of the Aga Khan Foundation (AKF), a non-profit international development agency that supports projects designed to assist the poor in Africa and Asia, without regard to race, religion, or political persuasion.

All money collected from the walk will go directly to self-help projects: practical and inexpensive ways to prevent disease, improve the quality of education and increase rural incomes in Africa and Asia. A health care centre in a Kenyan village run by trained community health workers, financing a farming project created by a Northern Pakistani village organization and benefitted from by families at the village, and educating farmers in the Indian state of Gujarat about the importance of preserving their fragile environment, as well as showing them practical ways of doing so—are just a few examples.

The AKF promotes international development not as a form of charity, but as a partnership among peoples. Come out and join this partnership.

Sponsorship forms and more info available from the Aga Khan council at 738-8866.

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# Plague o'demons invades campus

BY EGG

Pull out your Ocean-Pacific wear, shine up your favourite jazzin' shoes—the Shuffle Demons are comin' to campus, unveiling their magic box of wacky antics and downright silliness. Their live show commands active audience participation—those of you who are either adamant slugs or too cool to tango will be obvious wall flowers at this event.

The concert follows the release of their new album, *Bop or Rap*. It would be more accurately labelled *Bop and Rap*... and blues, and reggae, and the kitchen sink.

They've stamped their trademark modern jazz on several musical genres, while retaining their stylistic flair. Lyrics joke about one drunk demon napping in a park while another is scoffed at about

his goatee during an adventure in "East Berlin Angst." "Personal Blues" mocks want ads looking for love but "no trendies, no preppies, aerobic dancers, or vegetable rights activists."

Other songs incorporate swing ("I Mean You") with beer-hall acapella ("12 beer, My Dear"). The only small flop is "Oliagosi," the longest song on the album, which is perhaps its downfall. It drags along with a redundant, less than stimulating theme. Obviously, every song is not meant to be a barrel of laughs, but a whole lot of something was left out in the final remix of this one.

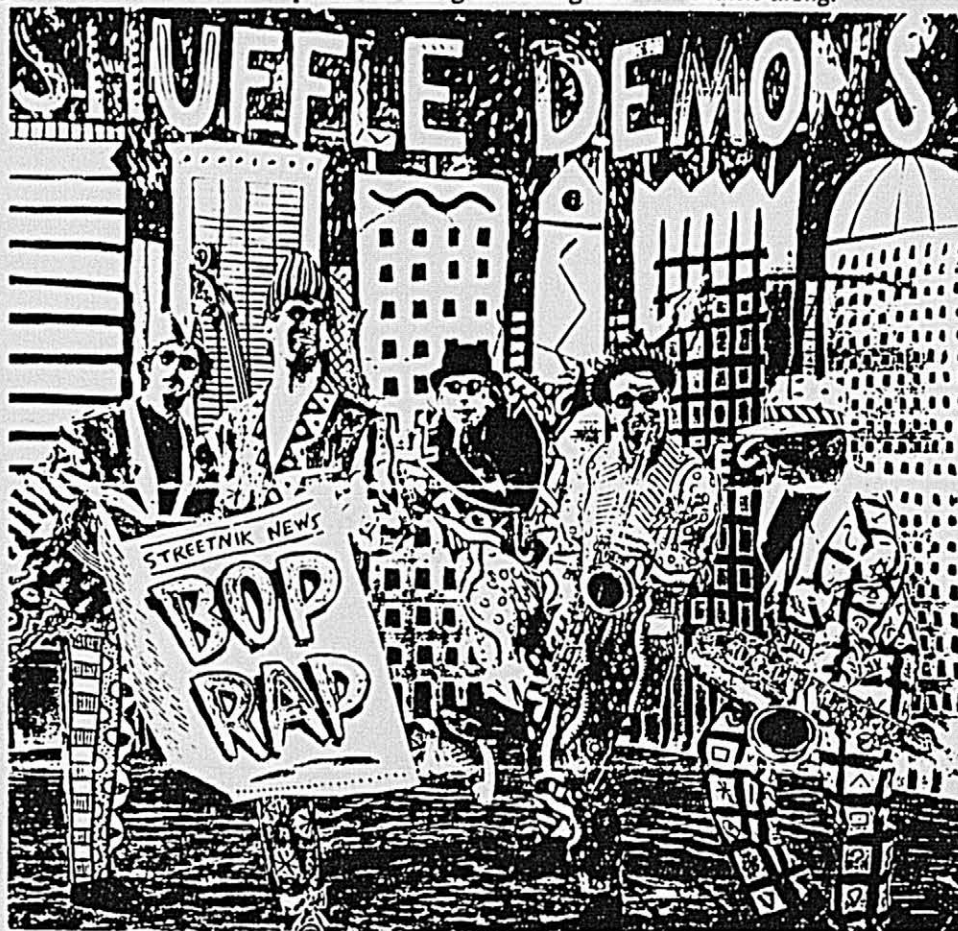
The album as a whole is not as upbeat as their first release, *Streetnicks*, containing the popular "Out of My House, Roach". If it fails to capture the get-up-and-go dance momentum I've just

gotten through raving about, it does highlight another aspect of their abilities. Noticeable on vinyl but more concealed on stage is their own brand of contemporary jazz. Long stretches of instrumen-

tals allow the jokes to step aside and their taste to show through. And although my more adept jazz-revering friends insist they're hardly Branford Marsalis, they get points for doing something new

with a classic.

So, for your sophisticated at-home listening pleasure, Bop or Rap as you please, but for tonight head down to the ballroom and shuffle along.



## stpigslistpigslistpi

BY YOUR VERY  
DEAR FRIENDS

Hello and welcome back to the wonderful world of what the hell am I gonna do besides study? A helpful hint: don't think, let someone else do it for you. (This is useful for many things in life). Tell you what—I'll be the first (are you a surrogate-thought virgin?).

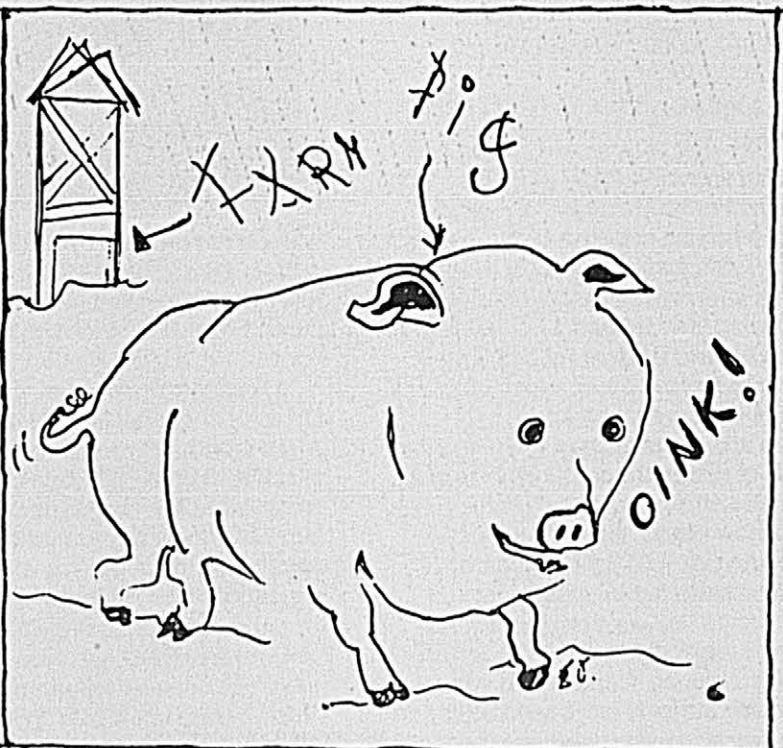
**Thursday:** If you're incredibly lazy, right on campus Shuffle Demons in the ballroom. Further comments in another article this very issue and in the exorcism handbook being distributed by the Hare Krishnas at Milton Gates. Jerry Jerry at Le Tycoon. Be pissed—they will. Alzheimer at Station 10—haven't a clue, but it's one of my favourite diseases.

**Friday:** Urban Bushmen at Le Tycoon. Used to be interesting/garagey but heard they've gone boring. Nitroglycerine and Fifth column at Foufounes. Leans toward punk, were part of Musiciennes Innovatrice last year. Mostly women. Four Stars. Why am I saying this? STREET DANCE you'll probably all be there. Causing violence, destroying our reputation as a fine academic institution... More power to ya.

**Saturday:** Recover from Street Dance. Big football thing, but that's

daytime. Foufounes.... Pig Farm, No Mind and Government Issue. Pig Farm mix a country something with hardcore something else and they're my favourites lately so go there. From Toronto and album kicking around. Several stars and a couple thumbs up. Le Tycoon....Ray Condo and the Hard Rock Goners. If you're a folkie. Oh, yeah, and there's a Four Floors party where you can go and check out... um, the music. Yeah, that's right.

**Next Week:** 54.40 Monday at Concordia Campus Centre Loyola. Oh, yeah? Show Me. (Sorry, that was really bad but I'm getting desperate.) Read the article other page. Learn something new. Tuesday is the McKay street bash. Sherbrooke to de Maisonneuve. Jugglers and beer... what else do you want? Join us next week. Same bat time same bat channel. In the meantime, I need another shave—but not to worry, I bought hair clippers this summer.



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# Around the world in 7 films

**T**he Montréal Festival des films du monde is the sort of event that frustrates those of us in the student population who make annual migrations to other ports of call in search of gainful (and, we shamefully admit, anglophone) occupation.

Upon return to this, our rightful home and—especially if our summer residence has been in Middle Muscadovich, Nova Scotia or Punkydoodle's Corners, Ontario—comparative Mecca of cultural activity, one of the worst moments of the new year is the discovery of what we have just missed. The Fred Frith concert at Fousfoues. The Jazz Festival, of course. And nearest, perhaps dearest, and thus most frustrating, the International Film Festival.

BY CARL P WILSON iii

The one advantage of the Film Festival is that it takes place close enough to the beginning of school and September leases (this year, from August 24 to September 4) that those of us who already have secured a home and who registered early might be able to take in some of the films. If the time is available, the Festival is a rare opportunity to see movies from all over the planet in one of the most highly-respected, reasonably-priced and in chaotic events of its kind anywhere.

The Montréal festival is certainly free of the celebrity plague that blots the Cannes festival in France, the most prestigious and overrated movie house in the world. Perhaps even a bit too free of celebrities for those of us who still have a bit of Hollywoodized romanticism (although the *grand dame* of French cinema, Jeanne Moreau, did put in an appearance to support her new lick, *La Nuit de L'Océan*). And the movies here are sold out or thronged by impossible lines far less frequently than those in the New York and Toronto festivals, due to the superior organizational forces at work. All in all, it's a good deal.

All this said, there is also the minor matter of the movies themselves. I'll give you a whirlwind tour of those that was able to catch (my booklet of ten passes for forty-something bucks clutched happily in hand) since my return to Montréal.

## Alceo and his (sexist?) cat

The first of these was chosen on a whim and on the basis of its description in the Festival programme—decidedly not a bargain at twelve bucks, by the way, with great pictures but mostly unhelpful capsule descriptions of the viewing fare. It was a 1987 Italian film by Giuliano Biagetti entitled *Vado a Riprendermi Il Gatto*, which translates as "I want my cat back."

*Vado a Riprendermi Il Gatto* is the tale of Alceo, the unofficial hero of a small Italian village who (as the programme states) "lives quietly in the countryside with his beloved cat." Alceo has achieved many things, including running a prosperous farm single-handedly, sheltering a Jewish refugee during World War II who later became the local judge and keeping an

impeccable wine cellar. But he is perhaps most admired by the local men for his marital status—single, except for one month a year, when he hires a whore from a nearby house of ill repute to become his "wife" temporarily. He has been doing this for years and the arrival of Alceo's new wife is an eagerly anticipated event in the village.

The difference on this occasion is that Alceo ends up in love with Ester, his temporary wife. His habitual love of solitude is destroyed when her ability to appreciate and join in with the pleasures of his countryside existence heightens his own love of life—and



when at the end of the month she departs, taking the cat as a token of love, he is devastated (charmingly pretending that he misses the cat, not her).

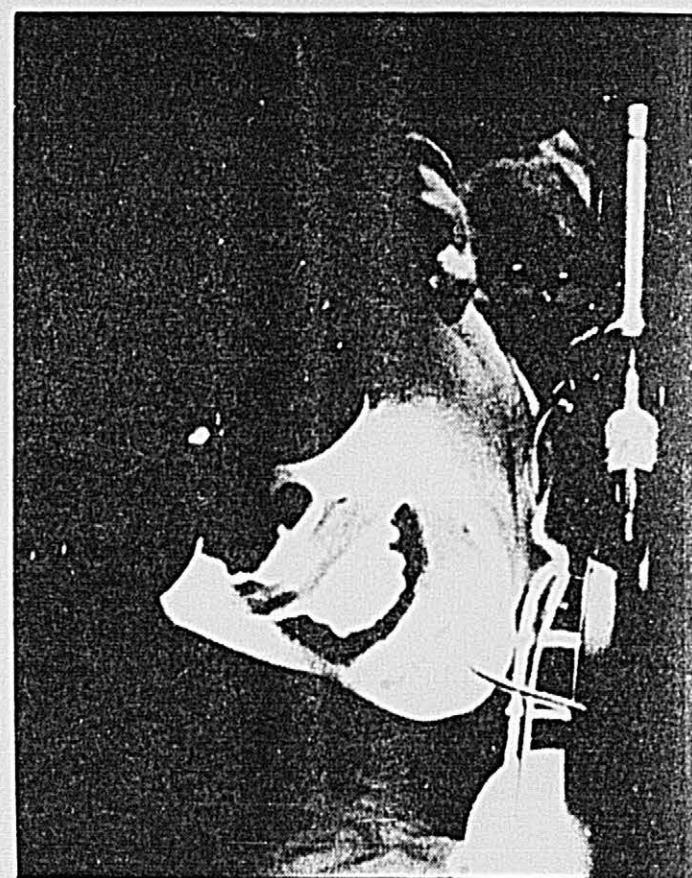
It is easy to see how this film might fall apart under feminist criticism. Alceo is definitely a chauvinistic male, as are his friends, and they are all presented as loveable nevertheless. The film's treatment of prostitution is deeply disturbing, as there are frequent suggestions that a whore is a whore and the only exception to this rule is someone like Ester, who was forced into prostitution by unfortunate circumstances but whose "purity" is

untouched by her profession.

At the same time, however, there are countermanding messages in *Vado a Riprendermi Il Gatto* acting against the chauvinistic subtext. It is seen as decidedly immoral of Alceo to expect Ester to sleep with his friends on her last night (as had been the tradition with all of his other wives), and even his friends eventually realize it. There are hints in this and other scenes to suggest that it is men who are culpable in the "sin" of prostitution, much more than the prostitutes themselves.

And Alceo's bizarre sexual habits are revealed to be the result of a deluded faithfulness to a dead childhood sweetheart who was raped and killed by a German soldier during the war, after which he swore he would never marry. The film explores his journey into the reality of the need to move on from that past love to interaction with women as individuals and true partners in daily life. Whether this redeems the almost typical Italian sexism of the movie is a matter of personal interpretation.

What really makes *Vado, etc.* worth seeking out is the beautiful cinematography, near-perfect performances from every member of the cast, and inspiring depiction of the simple joys of farm villages. The movie left me with a sense of guilt about being in a city with too many skyscrapers and not enough cows (so please see today's cover for a compensatory cow).



umbrella, through bullhorns, into handheld lamps, from a stage full of glowing primary-coloured building blocks.

In addition to the obvious musical footage the film includes Waits' idiosyncratic song introductions—for example, "I was downtown today and saw a movie theatre where they were showing stuff rated with seven Xs. They have girls without skin," or "This is about a guy who used to save up his bad days and put them into little boxes. Then he'd bury them out in his front yard. And we don't know how it happened, but one day it started to rain, and the next thing you know, they'd grown into bad weeks, bad months... Pretty soon you had a whole goddamn bad year out there. So never let your bad days get ahead of you like that..." The songs that follow, of course, bear little relationship to the introductions, but let's face it, we don't mind a bit.

Along with Waits' inimitable stage persona, director Chris Blum has included some off-stage imagistic moments with Waits in bed, Waits on a rooftop, Waits as an usher, Waits in the ticket-booth and so on. The best thing to be said about *Big Time* is that if Tom Waits could be captured in a mere movie, this would be the one. The worst thing to be said about it is that it is attempting the impossible.

## Warning: Don't see movies from India!

India has the second-largest film industry in the world (dare you to guess who has the first-largest), and Singee-tan Srinivasa Rao's *Pushpak* has won the Indian equivalent of an Oscar. What's more, it has no dialogue. So high hopes are understandable—it sounded interesting, impressive. And it was the first movie from India I have ever seen.

It might well be the last. *Pushpak*'s only virtue seems to have been managing without dialogue—and it resorted to having actors mouth words and play charades with each other through most of the second half. The humour was

juvenile (the biggest joke the main character carries inside it) and the plot a mind-boggling twist about young Karm, a wealthy man and taking apartment until his guilt gets the better of him. The techniques and character were pitiful.

If this is the best Indian (as all auguries suggest) best that the burgeoning industry remain isolated hemisphere for awhile.

## Yucky New World

The Latin American film, on the other hand, seems into its own in recent years, textbook example in this uneven but interesting film *Que Vendra*, or "Times in Argentina." The movie is a vision of the future of Argentina through the eyes of a woman who is inadvertently head during a riot.

The film has a surreal quality, full of interesting imagery when dealing with the future aspect of the brain-damaged character has suffered. One beautiful scene features a masked little boy in a room holding up a magnifying glass and distorting his own face in grotesque mockery of it.

Another memorable scene includes a malfunctioning machine trying and failing to announce a malfunction over the radio—a lovely metaphor for what is happening to the society by extension, to contemporary life. The computer always only, "Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you."

However, *Lo Que Ve* by philosophical speech and topographical heavy-handedness last quarter. It is possible portions might not seem Latin American audience

## Big Time Waits Flick

Tom Waits' last album, *Frank's Wild Years*, was subtitled "An Operatic Romantic in Three Acts." The new film of Waits' recent concert tour, *Big Time*, is termed a "musico-theatrical experience" (also in three acts). And that's just the beginning.

The tour on which this movie is based is the same which brought Waits to Montréal for two sold-out shows at Théâtre Outremont last fall, and if you were among the multitudes that could not get tickets, this film is like a risen saviour. It is a creative montage of songs sung while holding a burning

# the Montréal Film Festival

in apocalyptic and dystopian film and literature than North Americans and Europeans are.

## Blood of a poet

The other Spanish-language film that I saw during the Festival was *Lorca, Muerte d'un Poète*, a film made-for-TV in Spain. We in North America are accustomed to "made-for-TV" translating as "slightly worse than *Attack of the Love Goddess*" but this film is damn good.

It is a fictionalized depiction of the last days of Federico Garcia Lorca, the great Spanish poet who was senselessly shot by the Fascists during the Spanish Civil War. Nikolas Grace, who is most familiar to Canadian audiences as Anthony Blanche from the BBC production of *Brideshead Revisited* (which is probably the only thing I have ever seen on television that surpasses this in quality), stars as Lorca and turns in a bravura performance, backed up by solid work from the supporting cast.

This film has been kicking around from tv to repertory theatres in Canada for awhile and deserves a wide audience. It is moving, well-filmed and of historical importance for both literarily and politically minded people.

## PostGodard, PreWenders...

I have of course been scanning the Film Festival reports in the media for any mention of what films to see or reviews of the ones I have seen, and was gratified (I think) to note that the Montréal Daily News critic proclaims *Ville Etrangère*, one of the best films I saw, the "Most Post-Godardian film of the festival." Oh good. At least I saw something significant.

Seriously, though, Didier Goldschmidt's *Ville Etrangère* is indeed of that post-New Age genre that has been coming out of France in the past few years—impeccably filmed, impeccably acted, full of restrained emotion or perhaps no emotion at all. It is based on a novel called *The Day of True Sensation* by Peter Handke, who wrote the screenplay for Wim Wenders's superlative *Wings of Desire* which was seen in Montréal at the beginning of the summer (See? Another thing you missed!) and shares with that film a preoccupation with the question of what real emotion, true "life" really means when most of us walk around numbly through every day.

The plot concerns Gregor Keusch-nig, a worker at the Austrian embassy in Paris who dreams one night that he has murdered an old lady and the next day embarks on a strangely cold revolution, attempting to turn his daily life into something that matches his inner life in impulse and excitement. His ultimate failure makes for the least climactic climax I have ever seen but is strangely gripping nonetheless. (I think it would be safest to say no more, lest I become like the leeching writer who follows Gregor through his anti-adventure making pretentious pronouncements). Seek it out.

## Meanwhile, back in Hollywood...

One of the few Hollywood directors

whose work stands intellectual comparison to the likes of Goldschmidt, Alan Rudolph, introduced his new film *The Moderns* to Montréal under the auspices of the Festival des films du monde, and it is now in first-run at Le Faubourg (which tends to have the classiest first-run films in town).

The movie, starring Keith Carradine, Linda Fiorentino, Wallace Shawn and Genevieve Bujold as classic figures of Paris in the 1920s, was shot mostly in Montréal but you would never know it. The disguise is pretty well flawless. And while the same could not be said for the movie itself, it is another of Rudolph's intriguing eccentric genre pieces with tangled plots and shadowy pasts. I happen to like his style, but it might infuriate you.

A plot summary of *The Moderns* would be a foolish undertaking, but suffice it to say that it is the story of Nick Hart, an unsuccessful American painter in Paris played with a Bogartian edge by Carradine, and his nightmarish meeting with his estranged wife (Fiorentino) who is married to a slightly psychotic condom tycoon-cum-art collector. Along the way, Hart consorts with Hemingway, copies Cézanne, Matisse and Modigliani, boxes in the American Gymnasium

final liason between Hart and Genevieve Bujold's Valentine, an ex-nun turned art dealer who is obviously in love with Hart but ends up leaving Paris disillusioned and victimized.

Bujold and Shawn turn in two very loveable performances from the sidelines, and John Lone is impressive as Bertie Stone the maniac condom magnate.

continued on page 10



## Films of snails and death

BY KEVIN SEGAL  
(Reprinted from The Link)

It is fascinating to see a film that openly challenges our expectations of what films should be. Such films do not rely on our emotions or sympathies, but truly challenge us to take another look at the medium itself. Two films shown at the Montréal World Film Festival last week broke new ground in film technique, each in very different ways.

Peter Greenway has made unconventional films before, so his *Drowning By Numbers* is not a surprise. However, none of his previous efforts have been as easy and enjoyable to watch as the latest.

In the huge American commercial film-making industry, story line usually takes precedent over imagery. Greenway, by contrast, appears not to give a damn about the story. He is a visual artist's filmmaker. It is the scenery and ideas that consistently satisfy.

We are so conditioned to following plots that watching Greenway's films can take getting used to, but he has been turning out films for long enough now that we should be prepared for *Drowning By Numbers*. Before this film, *Draughtsman's Contract* was Greenway's masterpiece. It was both challenging and entertaining. However, in *A Zed and Two Noughts* and *The Belly of an Architect* his style drove me quite crazy, so I came to the conclusion that *Draughtsman's Contract* was a fluke, that Greenway should stay away from writing and just film other writers' material. After seeing *Drowning By Numbers*, my conclusions have changed.

In *A Zed and Two Noughts*, snail imagery was used to represent a perva-

sive sense of decay. These are strong images, but somehow Greenway couldn't make them work. In the new film, Greenway uses snails again (as well as bugs and moths) but now he has gained control of these symbols. They evoke images not only of decay, but also of regeneration. He uses these images within the context of various movements in painting rather than just dumping them unexplained into the viewer's face. Greenway has often done this before, but rarely with such potency.

In *Drowning By Numbers*, the not the storyline here that is hard to find or to follow. The difficulty lies in his reluctance to present beautiful images. Often it appears as if he just doesn't care. Upon a closer viewing, it is all revealed to be a well thought-out plan. The scenes are very carefully staged, to the point of being forced. This is what Von Praunheim wants. He never wants you to forget you're watching a movie—shots are grainy and the scenes are overacted. This style has worked for his documentaries, but in his "fiction" it always seemed irrelevant.

His latest film, however, works in very strange ways—by not working. The sex scenes are not sexy. The decadence isn't decadent. The few characters that one does grow to like behave in unlikeable ways. At points, it's more like the Marquis de Sade than de Sade himself.

The story revolves around an old lady who thinks she is Anita Berger, a popular nude dancer in Berlin during the twenties. The young Anita character is played by the old lady dressed up as a little girl. It shouldn't work, but it does.

Throughout the film, Von Praun-

snails, bugs and moths constantly reminded me of those beautiful Romantic still-lives in which a tiny insect is perfectly placed on an onion or a fruit. When those paintings were done well everything in them was symbolic—the bug could represent the still-life's eventual decay.

Greenway is obsessed with death. Death is brought up so much in his films that it often becomes a joke. This frivolity is deceiving—Greenway can treat the subject very perceptively, particularly in relation to the present issues of AIDS and cancer. As well, he seems obsessed with counting and documenting.

These are only a few layers that make up a marvelously complex whole. Games, sex, love... It's all there, woven into the fine tapestry of Greenway's latest effort.

Another interesting example of an unconventional filmmaker is the German director Rosa Von Praunheim. This is the man who made a vaudeville film about AIDS called *A Virus respects no morals* which "insensitively" made as many jokes about the disease as possible.

His new film, *Anita: Dances of Vice*, is no less raw. Unlike Greenway's, it isheim makes similarly surprising choices. The scenes that take place in the present are shot in black and white, with sound. The "past" and dream sequences are shot in lush colour, with no sound but overly lush music. The dialogue is printed and flashed between the scenes as in a silent movie and the actors in turn mouth their lines with mock exuberance.

Greenway and Von Praunheim are attempting to break out of mainstream cinema conformity and to create quality contemporary art. With their latest offerings they have succeeded.

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## ...more betrayal and bigotry

continued from page 3

rama of 4<sup>th</sup> of July picnics and Sunday church meetings... a shocking exposé that unlocks national secrets and burrows deep into the unconscious fears of the country, laying open formidable depths of hatred, bigotry and violence."

Even though it has a number of tasty bloody, gut-spilling scenes, Betrayed doesn't cut it as "chilling." We know who's guilty from the beginning. Weaver doesn't

doubt her man, she just doubts herself.

Despite the pretensions of these merry picnickers, the "darker" side of America is not unexplored. Try being critical guys!

As a romance, Betrayed lacks passion, grace and style. Sure, Berenger's a hunk, but in bed he's as sensual as a Cuisinart.

So let's try to clear this up.

Betrayed is about a woman who can't make up her mind about what

she wants. It's about a woman who tries to excuse a man she loves from the most violent, vile crimes possible. It's about a woman whose only answer to the moral dilemma of racism in modern society is "I don't want anyone to get hurt." It's about a woman who wants a family, even at the expense of her own beliefs. It's about a wimp.

It also stereotypes the "Red-neck" of the American small town as severely warped and bigotted—but excusably so.

If you're naïve, you'll walk out of the movie feeling depressed by its clichés, that the world is so damned messed up and there is good and bad in everybody and that you can't do a thing about it anyway.

If you already know this, and more, Betrayed will indeed "anger you" (as the T.V. commercial goes). It'll anger you that a hot-shit director like Costa-Gavras (of "Z" fame) is churning out this watered-down, hackneyed, sentimental crap. Mother Xiao has spoken!

chords inspired by an inside joke between Cohen and his band with Cohen narrating an Orwellian vision of being pursued by the Jazz Police (and protecting himself by saying "put another turtle on the fire").

I cannot exactly recommend Cohen to you. But if you have a taste for slightly warped apothecosis and plaster violins, you might give it a try.

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# Apocalyptic events at Concordia

BY EGG

The Apocalypse has come and all hell has broken loose. Somehow, though, it seemed much worse in Sunday school. Hell '88 at Concordia is a sinfully tempting package of activities, including three major bashes and several scattered parties.

Monday night, 54.40 returns to Montréal, re-promoting their second album, *Show Me*. The Vancouver band started out an angst-filled hardcore group in 1980, but has since receded into a somewhat hard-edged top-40 style (yes, they're the ones you've seen on MuchMusic). However, they constantly deny that they've pro-

gressed to a weaker sound and say that instead they've found a more "positive" message.

The album attempts to deal with intangible ideas such as love and hope by applying them to contemporary situations. Reading between the lines, songs with a personal lyrics are not to be interpreted as merely, "I miss you, you're my girlfriend," but, "there is a problem in the world, and it's affecting our relationship." Love ballads or world peace proclamations, the style is mildly alternative and you can never get the words at a concert, anyway. Judging from last year's show (which ought to be accurate—same material), it's well worth the effort, with the possible

Now, flip your calendar ahead to

September 24, for a four bands/five exception of lead singer Neil's horrible dancing skills.

Tuesday is a full-fledged street fair along McKay. Rain day is Wednesday, so there's no excuse to miss. Traffic will be blocked off from Sherbrooke to de Maisonneuve for your safety, kids, with street performers galore. Jugglers, live DJ's, comedians, and a million other live performers will dazzle and entertain as you stroll the beer garden amusing yourself. And, yes, helpful information booths will be set up for the serious students. It's all day, noon to 18h, and conveniently close enough to campus to frequent between classes.

bucks bash that all students are too poor to refuse. For a crash course on

the local alternative beat, or a collection of faves you already know, this is almost a night out of the New Music Fest.

The only out-of-towners are Jr. Gone Wild, out of Edmonton. This is their first return since last year's CKUT bash with bab, so it's a relatively rare event. They've got a Jerry (formerly of Edmonton) Jerry drummer along—perhaps they'll make the eastward move next. Rumour has it the singer has a new haircut and the band is turning country-blues.

The Nils have two Ep's and a full self-titled album behind them. Perhaps the most rock-and-rollish among the four, they deserve the attention of those of you afraid of the term 'alternative'.

Talk Shop is a relatively new band on the scene. They're all-girl, upbeat, and one is from McGill. Do not confuse them with the Bangles—you'd be doing them a great disservice and missing out yourself.

Sons of the Desert are the famous tops of bubblegum thrash...bleached blonde with an over-sized name. A really hip Montréal ought to be able to say, "Yeah, I've seen them," although once is usually enough.

Do not let yourself leave Montréal being a McGill elitist. With all this so close and cheap, slide down to Concordia and expose yourself.

For more more information contact CUSA at 848-7474 or 848-7440.

## Cold metal Iggy

Iggy Pop  
Instinct  
A&M Records

The word on this album is that "Iggy's back." While it is debatable whether he was ever really gone (the universally-deplored *Blah Blah Blah* actually contained some brilliant material), there is no doubt that *Instinct* recaptures a great deal of the passion of the Iggy Pop we met with the Stooges in the late 1960's and gives a mature edge to that sound.

The same is true of Iggy's current concert tour, highlighted by gigs in small clubs (such as the one

I attended in Cambridge, Ontario) full of the violence and energy that marked Iggy when he was, in his own words, "the most athletic junkie in America."

The audience response on the Blah Blah Blah concert tour prompted this return to raw sound, Iggy has said in several recent interviews—he found that both himself and the crowd had more fun with old standards like "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and "Search and Destroy" than with the new, polished pieces of songwriting, and sought to reproduce that spirit in this year's album. (This is perhaps the only

recorded case of an artist "selling out" by becoming *more* raw and vicious than his inclinations).

Whatever caused it, the change is welcome. Iggy is looking leather-tough and hard-assed again. The most successful track on the lp is the first, "Cold Metal." It melds the previous album's autobiographical tendencies with the heavy metal sound that has perhaps been overdone on this one by producer Bill Laswell. "Squarehead" actually matches early Stooges classics in humour and piss-off sentiment, but again the heavy metal guitar of Steve Jones, enhanced by Laswell, spoils the balance.



What Iggy seems to need is a producer part-way between Bowie and Laswell, who would give him the sound he gets on stage. It might be called "Randy Newman sarcasm mixed with the willingness to rip

your balls (or boobs) off," but probably shouldn't be. Maybe he should produce himself. But I have the feeling Iggy can decide that for himself very nicely, thank you.  
—carl p wilson iii

## Nick smacks crack on new ep

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds  
Thus Spake Zarathustra  
Mute Records

Imagine it. Picture the apes. Picture that big black thing descending to the earth. Hear it—*Thus Spake Zarathustra* echoing relentlessly in the caverns of your little skull. He's big, he's black, he's Nick. "Nick who?" you now ask. Why, Nick Cave, archangel of cynicism and prophet of the apocalypse, of course!

It's been more than a year since Cave released an LP, but now you can travel on down to a handful of hip record stores in town to retrieve his latest 12" release, "The Mercy Seat," which was released in North America sometime this summer pending release of his new album *Tender Prey*. And this time it's Nick doing what he does best, with his own material (blatant reference to 1986's covers album *Kicking Against the Pricks*).

The new single is a distant cry from the earlier and sparser sound

of albums like "The First Born is Dead" or Cave's earlier work with the near-mythic *Birthday Party*. Now Nick Cave and his band the Bad Seeds have filled the spaces with monastic chant-like choruses and a full array of dark orchestration.

The lyrics are, as usual, obsessed with "God fascination/pessimism" and Cave's affection for those condemned. He has described it as a juxtaposition of the Throne of God and God's justice with the electric chair and man's justice.

Cave has recently been embarked on several other projects as well, including a book of collected poems. One of these, *The Vargus Barking Spider*, he recites on the compilation album *Smack My Crack* from Giorno Poetry Systems, which also include old faves the Swans, Tom Waits and The Butthole Surfers. The eerie tale builds and lapses in suspense, creating the illusion the climax is near... then cuts off curtly.

tapestry of bizarre sound wholecloth from his own fertile imagination, whereas *I'm Your Man* gives the impression that Cohen wandered into some warehouse where a polka-country synthesizer band was rehearsing and said, "Excuse me, but I have these songs..."

Also expected is another new book, *King Ink*. In a recent issue of *Melody Maker*, he described the novel as, "not particularly modern in its themes" and as having "absolutely no relevance to anything really apart from myself."

The promise of another screen appearance by Cave, to follow up on the Bad Seeds' appearance as the bar band in Wim Wenders' *Wings of Desire*, might well be fulfilled sometime in the near-to-far future. He will quite simply be portraying (surprise, surprise) a convict.

As for the new single, accompanying visual enhancement—dare we say video in this case?—exists somewhere out there in non-schlock visual music land, but don't hold your breath waiting on Muchmusic.

So if you missed the *Birthday Party* (so to speak), it's about time to hazard a visit with Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds.

—by Schmuck

The result is almost indescribable. It is a descent into the kingdom of kitsch, full of one-fingered organ solos and almost-sarcastic background vocals. The most kitschy of the lot is "Jazz Police" which features ridiculous jazzy



## Cohen's countrypolka pop

Leonard Cohen  
I'm your man  
Columbia Records

I moved into my apartment because we saw Leonard Cohen on the street outside of it. Our apartment is named after a song on this cabalistic imagery and romantic album. So I can hardly claim to be objective about Montréal's favourite son, our patron Jewish undertaker and neurotic poet.

Once a McGill student and a luminary of Canadian poetry, Cohen began recording in the late nineteen-sixties. In those days he was writing dour messages to stave off

the Age of Aquarius and alienate flower children, but for some reason he was embraced. His canton-like whine quickly lost its novelty, however, and he fell back into obscurity in North America, where we tend to like our doom-sayers to be quick and to the point like The Swans rather than obscured by ecstasy like old Leonard. His popularity has remained steady in Europe (with the new album going to number one in Denmark and Spain, amongst other places) but his homeland seemed to have forgotten him.

Then a curious thing happened. Silk-voiced Jennifer Warnes, once one of Cohen's choir-of-angels style background chorus but

better known to us as "that girl who sings in 'Up Where We Belong' with Joe Cocker" recorded an album of Cohen songs called *Famous Blue Raincoat*. That album has prompted a renaissance of interest in this son of a Montréal tailor.

*I'm Your Man*, however, is comparable to nothing else. Not to Warnes' heartfelt but more mainstream arrangements (even though both discs have some of the same songs), nor even to Cohen's previous output. It is perhaps most reminiscent of Tom Waits' recent trilogy of albums, in that it creates a world of sound that is unlike anything to be heard elsewhere. But the difference is that Waits seems to have woven a

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continued from page 7

Carradine is Carradine as always in Alan Rudolph films and Kevin J. O'Connor gives us a fine Hemingway (in a distant echo of Nicholson's Eugene O'Neill in *Reds*). The movie begins with seemingly deliberate pretentiousness but patience in this case pays off in full and the plot gets more and more torturedly engrossing right up to the very end, with a finely-tuned sense of that legendary moment in Paris and its twilight days.

So...

What is always most striking about this sort of an event is the scope and variety of material available to view. This should be somewhat evident from the above survey, although this selection is of course subject to my biases and the tickets that were still available when I got to town. And I did not even see any of the films in Official Competition.

So next year I'm going to do it right. Get all my tickets in advance. Walk around with my programme at the Parisien (and maybe even press passes) looking superior with dark sunglasses perched on my slightly ethnic nose. Partake of the celluloid by-product of cultures all over the world with discriminating eclecticism... See you then.

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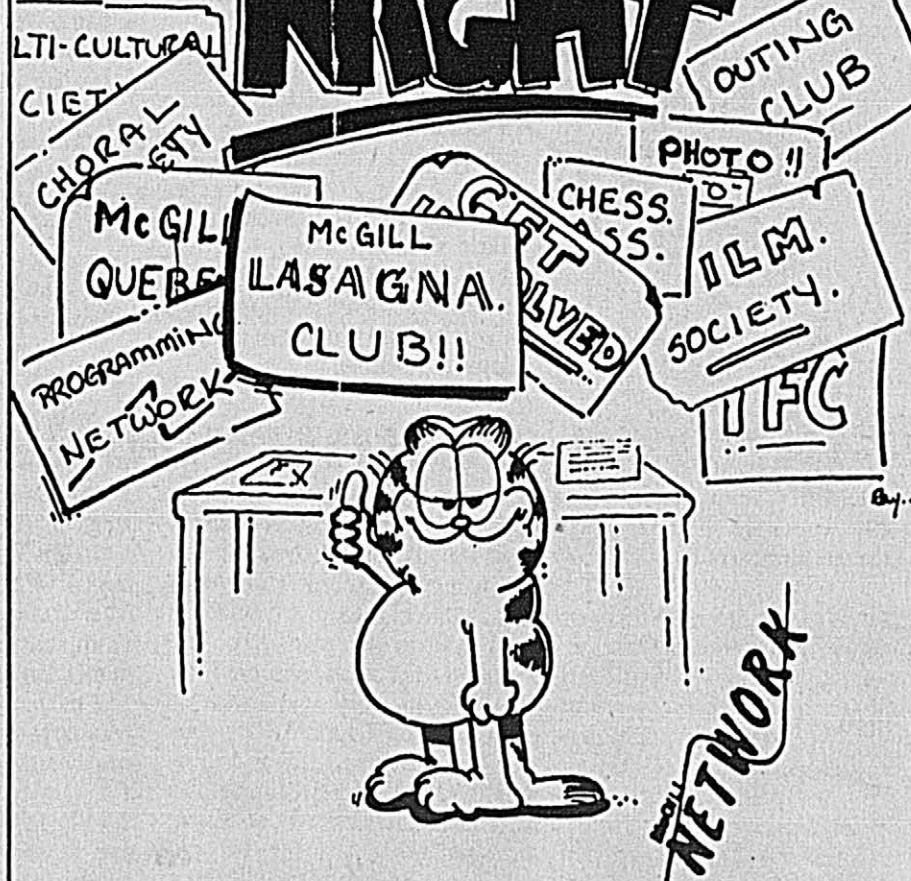


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TV's • Audio • VCR's • Camcorders

## ACTIVITIES NIGHT



"Clubs for Everyone"

Thursday, Sept. 15  
7 - 10 p.m.  
Union Ballroom

Ads may be placed through the Daily business office, room B-17, Union Building, 9h00 - 15h00. Deadline is 14h00 two weekdays prior to date of publication.

McGill students: \$3.00 per day; \$7.00 for 3 consecutive days. McGill Faculty and Staff: \$4.00 per day; \$2.00 per day for more than 3 consecutive days. All others: \$4.50 per day. There is a 25 word limit. There will be a charge of 25¢ for each word over the limit. Boxed ads are available at \$4.00 per ad per day - no discounts on boxing. **EXACT CHANGE ONLY PLEASE.**

The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

### 341 - APTS., ROOMS, HOUSING

Apt. 1 1/2 on Durocher for October-August, near McGill, renovated, stove & fridge, \$365, 481-2566 Evenings, 499-9548 message.

Apartment to Share, new condo, large and bright 4 1/2, dishwasher included. Come and see it: 3637 University #420. Would prefer a non-smoking female.

3 1/2 to Sublet, downtown. Included: fridge, stove, locker, wall to wall carpet, indoor parking, Sherbrooke & St. Mathieu, near Guy metro. (10 minute walk from McGill). Call Caroline from 930 to 5:00 at 398-6790/6791. After 5:00 pm at 933-0078.

Spacious Studio Apt. - Sublet. N.D.G. Area - Sherbrooke and Cavendish. \$306.00. Rooftop pool and sauna. Available for Sept. 16th. Call evenings/weekends 489-9873. Days - Claire 845-9171.

2 1/2 Aicove To Sublet Oct. 1. One month free! \$365.00. Fridge, stove, heating included. 2250 Guy, Adjacent Guy metro (15 mins. from McGill). Call Valerie bet. 9 am - 12 pm at 385-3722.

### 350 - JOBS

Security help needed for IRC street dance on Friday the 9th - good pay, and possible future dates. Call Mike at 284-5125 anytime.

Denim and sportswear manufacturer is looking for a part-time model size 9. Call Anca at 842-2219.

Part-time work. Direct tele-marketing for a financial service (insurance). Daytime work. Flexible hours. \$5.00 per hour. Call after 6 pm at 738-0255.

### 352 - HELP WANTED

Loving, responsible, energetic babysitter wanted 3 mornings per week. (10-15 hours/week). Westmount adj. 485-0773 before 9:00pm

Able body part-time student needed for work in retail store. Enquiries 487-6892.

Wanted: Babysitter 4:00 pm-6:30 pm. One sunny 7 year old girl. After school, Outremont area. Non-smoker, reliable, either language fine. Leave message 279-8687.

Babysitter with light housekeeping. Variable hours including Mon.-Fri. after school, some lunchtimes; and occasional full days. Non-smoker. References. 398-6573, 495-9395.

Part-Time and Night Students - Want to fill your empty pockets? You can earn \$100-200 per week, daytime Monday thru Friday. Drop by Wendy's Restaurant, 1196 Peel or phone 875-7994.

Babysitter needed for girl 2 1/2 years. Snowdon Area. Two or three weekday mornings. Call evenings 735-9448.

Wanted: a cook to prepare supper for 10 - 15 people weekdays in a house on campus. Living accommodation or salary offered in return. Call Dave at 284-7874.

Typist wanted immediately. Must have access to McIntosh Apple computer. Easy job, good pay. Call 935-1229 for more info. Anytime.

### 354 - TYPING SERVICES

Word Processing (Loughheed). Professional and courteous service. Laser printer. Theses, papers, resumés, multiple letters. Student rates (schoolwork only). Downtown area. 934-1455 (9h30 - 19h30).

Typing Services, \$1.25 per page. French / English, term papers, resumés, documents, etc. Rush jobs \$1.50. Call: 935-1578.

### Success to all students

Theses, term papers, resumés, 19 years of experience. Rapid service. 7 Days a week. \$1.50/doubled spaced. IBM. On McGill Campus, Peel St., Call: Paulette Vigneault 288-9638.

One-Day Service. B.Commerce Background. Editing if required quality work. Excellent presentation. Improved grade guaranteed. Skilled with words. Electronic memorywriter. Academic papers, CV's, theses. 340-9470.

Typing services - term papers, theses, resumés, fast and efficient, 7 days a week, French and English. \$1.50/double-spaced. Next to McGill. Call Roxanne. 288-0016 or 765-9804.

### 356 - SERVICES OFFERED

Advanced photo-acting, posing a professional confidence for journals and TV. 15 hours. Requirements: talent and photogeneity. Promotion Institute, 1316 Sherbrooke St. W. Telephone: 285-6631.

### 361 - ARTICLES FOR SALE

Bed & boxspring, exc. condition single, \$85, Panasonic compact stereo with 2 loudspeakers, \$65 (prices neg.) 281-6468.

Queen size futon with frame, \$300; sport rack for small cars, bicycle and ski fittings, \$70; bookshelf with two adjustable shelves 4'X2', \$40 neg. 849-5516 evenings.

Yard sale - useful household items, books, furniture, cameras, winter clothes. 388 Olivier (near Sherbrooke & Greene). Saturday, Sept. 10, 10 am - 4 pm.

Mens 12 speed bike for sale. 23 inch frame, excellent condition. Phone 939-9588, 7 to 11 pm.

Beautiful couch and loveseat, matching set. \$250, must sell. Tel. 845-5397, 288-4168.

Antique dresser with framed mirror attached, in very good condition. \$150. Matching sofa and loveseat, brown cotton fabric with white pattern. \$100. (Prices negotiable). 288-9346 evenings.

Down coats full length from \$129.00 - largest selection in Montreal. Best prices as always - down parkas, 3/4, 3/8, full length. EXXA down, 550 President Kennedy.

Book packs - leather, canvas, widest choice from \$9.95. Leather jackets from \$299.00. Urban camouflage pants \$40.00. EXXA Military Surplus, 550 President Kennedy, Metro McGill.

Get your 54-40 Tickets Now. They won't be around for long. Show is Monday Sept. 12th at the Campus Center of Concordia University 7141 Sherbrooke West. Tix \$5 for Concordia Students, \$7 for general public.

Assorted furniture in good condition: kitchen table and 4 chairs, book shelf, dresser, lamp, end table, small desk, unfinished pine chair 284-3603 before 10 pm.

Rugby shirts, T-shirts, boxer shorts, sweats, coveralls, caps, etc. Team uniforms (football, hockey, broomball, etc.) Silkscreened, embroidered. Call Sport Olympia 683-2438.

### 370 RIDES

Need a lift from Varennes to Longueuil Metro or from Varennes to McGill University. Call me at 652-2386, ask for Josée.

### 374 - PERSONAL

A friendly ear to call on when McGill has gone to sleep... when insomnia attacks and you don't like counting sheep... call Nightline! 398-6246

McGill Nightline welcomes you back for another great year! Have a question? Feel like chatting? We're here Monday to Friday, 9 pm to 3 am, 398-6246.

### 383 - LESSONS OFFERED

Portuguese classes with a native speaker from Brazil. Graduate student in Linguistics. With teaching experience. Translations Eng/Port. or Port/Eng. Julia - tel: 933-1051 after 6:00 pm.

### 385 - NOTICES

Bored? Curious? Slightly demented? Just interested? McGill Debating Union's first meeting: Monday, September 12 Union 425, 6:00 pm. Come one, come all.

The McGill Scandinavian Club welcomes students of any background to indulge in True Nordic style pursuits. Scandinavian or not, we want you! Call Yetta at 848-9589.

Worship for a University community. St. Martha's-in-the-basement meets every Sunday at 10:30 am at 3521 University St. for informal, ecumenical worship. Call Rev. Roberta Clare, 398-4104.

UWC ex-students! Please call John Gocsek at 768-5884. We need help with the reunion and we must organize a formal society.

### 387 - VOLUNTEERS

Volunteers needed at the Montreal Neurological Hospital, 3 hours/week. If interested in visiting patients, attend compulsory information session Wednesday, September 14, 4:30 at the MNH (3801 University St.).

Montreal Neurological Hospital - experienced volunteers wishing to be group leaders are requested to phone Fiona Smith (398-9138) or Lana Siriani (935-1500) by September 13.

VOLUNTEERS Needed For Brain Imaging Research at the Montreal Neurological Hospital; may require two visits, remuneration \$60/day. Call 284-5830.

A drug rehabilitation centre needs volunteers to offer a relaxation group and lifeguarding services, and to participate in a variety of activities with clients. Contact Linda at 931-2536.

Volunteer Symposium, drop by and meet reps from community groups who need you. Get active and volunteer. Wednesday September 14th, 10 am - 4 pm, Union Ballroom (301).

### 389 MUSICIANS WANTED

We need a kick-ass heavy dub funky drummer immediately. power stomping thrash and cool

jazz a musi. Challenges galore. Post-Alternative attitude also helpful. Records!! Tours!! Chriss: 284-6058, leave message.

**Boutique**

*Jolique II*

**Red Tab "531"**

Black • Stone Washed • Bleached

**\$36.99**

Reg. 51.99

**Red Tab "501"**

Button Fly! Black • Stone Washed

**\$40.99**

Reg. 59.99

**Jean Jackets**

Black • Stone Washed

**\$46.99**

Reg. 65.99

**Jean Shirts**

Black • Stone Washed

**\$34.99**

Reg. 46.99

Selected Men's and Women's Sweaters

19.99

Lots of New styles and colors to choose from!

**Student's ONLY**

1/3 off

Reg. Price

on All our merchandise! (except Levi's)

Men's and Women's assorted "Tops"

12.99

2 / \$20.00

Including: Sweatshirts • Turtleneck Shirts

Bring Student I.D. or copy of ad.

*Jolique II*

Peel Metro (Entrance Stanley) 845-8531

Offer expires Sept. 17.

## CAMPUS RECREATION INSTRUCTIONAL ATHLETICS

### FALL REGISTRATION BEGINS

Wednesday, September 14th, 1988

18:00 hrs., Currie Gymnasium

Courses begin Monday, September 19, 1988

### DANCE

Ballet	\$35
Jazz	\$25
Social	\$25

### FITNESS

Fitness Testing	\$25
Get Fit	\$15
Weight Training	\$15
Weight Training Clinic	\$12
Individual Weight Training	\$20
Runner's Clinic	\$15
Low Impact/Light Weight	\$20
Action Aerobics	\$20
Staff Aerobics	\$54
Total Workout (pay as you go)	\$1
Fitness Instructor Training	\$110

### RACQUETS

Squash I	\$15
Squash II	\$15
Squash Private	\$14
Tennis I	\$15
Tennis (indoors)	\$60
Badminton	\$15

### MARTIAL ARTS

Aikido	\$30
Karate	\$30
Tae Kwon Do	\$30
Judo	\$30
Tai Chi	\$30
Women's Self-Defense	\$30

### •ALL COURSES ARE CO-ED

•YOU MUST REGISTER IN PERSON WITH AN I.D. OR GYM MEMBERSHIP CARD

•REGISTRATION IS CONDUCTED ON A FIRST COME FIRST SERVED BASIS

•THERE IS NO ADVANCE REGISTRATION

For further information, please call: **398-7011**

\*TOTAL WORKOUT HAS BEGUN!\*

### OUTDOORS PURSUITS

Cross Country Skiing	\$20
Rock Climbing	\$40
Ice Climbing	\$45
Kayaking	\$30
Equestrian	\$75

### VARIA

Archery	\$15
Fencing	\$25
Golf	\$15
Yoga	\$20
Skating	\$20
Hockey I	\$20
Hockey II	\$25
CPR Heart Saver	\$32
CPR Basic	\$70
CPR Recertification	\$32

### AQUATICS

Red Cross-Y.O.R.M.B.	\$14
Red Cross-G.W.W.	\$18
Stroke Improvement	\$14
Springboard Diving	\$16
Swim Fit	\$18
Aquacises	\$18
Syncro/Star Program	\$16
Bronze Medallion	\$30
Bronze Cross	\$32
Leaders	\$75
S.C.U.B.A.	\$156

# McGill Intramural Sports Programme - Fall 1988

SPORT	CATEGORY	COST	GAME DAYS & TIMES	LOCATION	LEAGUE PLAY BEGINS	Min. No. of PLAYERS TO REGISTER	Max. No. of PLAYERS	REGISTRATION	CAPTAIN'S MEETING
BADMINTON	Men Women	\$5.00 per player	Sun., Oct. 16 10:30 - 15:45	Currie Gym	Oct. 16	1	N.A.	Sept. 27, 09:00 to Oct. 11, 17:00	Draw will be posted Oct. 13, 15:00
BASKETBALL	Men A & B Women	\$50.00 per team	Mon. 18:15 to 22:45 Sun. 10:30 to 15:45	Currie Gym	Oct. 16	8	16	Sept. 27, 09:00 to Oct. 3, 17:00	Oct. 3, 18:15
FLAG FOOTBALL	Men Women	\$65.00 per team	Thu. 20:00 - 22:00 Fri. 16:00 - 22:00 Sat. 09:00 - 18:00 Sun. 09:00 - 18:00	Forbes Field Lower Campus	Sept. 16	12	18	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Sept. 12, 18:15
HOCKEY	Faculty A & B Men A, B, C Women	\$250.00 per team	Mon. 19:00 - 24:15 Tue. 19:00 - 24:30 Wed. 19:00 - 24:30 Sat. 18:15 - 23:45 Sun. 18:15 - 23:45	McConnell Winter Stadium	Oct. 11	12	20	Oct. 4 08:30 - 17:00	Oct. 4, 18:30
SOCCER	Men A, B, C Women	\$80.00 per team	Mon. 19:30 - 23:00 Tue. 20:30 - 23:00 Wed. 20:00 - 23:00 Sat. 08:30 - 12:00 Sun. 09:30 - 12:00	Molson Stadium	Sept. 17	13	20	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Sept. 12, 19:15
SOFTBALL	Men Co-Rec	\$60.00 per team	Mon. 16:00 - 18:00 Tue. 16:00 - 18:00 Wed. 16:00 - 18:00 Thu. 16:00 - 18:00 Fri. 16:00 - 18:00 Sat. 08:00 - 18:00 Sun. 08:00 - 18:00	Middle Field	Sept. 16	12	18	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Sept. 12, 18:15
SQUASH	Men & Women	\$5.00 per player	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23	Currie Gym Squash Courts	Oct. 20	1	N.A.	Sept. 27, 09:00 to Oct. 17, 17:00	Draw will be posted Oct. 19, 15:00
TENNIS	Men A & B Women	\$5.00 per player	Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18 OR Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25	Forbes Field Tennis Courts	Sept. 15	1	N.A.	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Draw will be posted Sept. 14, 15:00
TOUCH FOOTBALL	Men	\$50.00 per team	Mon. 20:00 - 22:00 Wed. 20:30 - 22:30 Fri. 16:00 - 22:00	Forbes Field	Sept. 16	9	16	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Sept. 12, 19:15
ULTIMATE	Co-Rec	\$50.00 per team	Sat. 09:00 - 18:00 Sun. 09:00 - 18:00	Forbes Field	Sept. 17	9	18	Sept. 6, 09:00 to Sept. 12, 17:00	Sept. 12, 19:15
VOLLEYBALL	Men Women	\$50.00 per team	Tue. 20:15 - 22:45 Wed. 20:15 - 22:45	Currie Gym	Oct. 11	8	16	Sept. 27, 09:00 to Oct. 3, 17:00	Oct. 3, 18:15
VOLLEYBALL	Co-Rec	\$50.00 per team	Wed. 20:15 - 22:45 Thu. 20:00 - 22:45 Fri. 17:15 - 22:45	Currie Gym	Oct. 12	8	16	Sept. 27, 09:00 to Oct. 3, 17:00	Oct. 3, 19:15

• In many sports space is limited - registration is on a first come first served basis.  
 • Please note that registration deadlines are strictly adhered to.  
 • A representative from each team must attend the captains' meeting for that sport.

**FOR FURTHER INFO CALL 398-7011**  
 Campus Recreation Office G35  
 Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium, 475 Pine Avenue West

**LIVE BANDS  
THUR - SUN**

**AVAILABLE FOR GROUP  
PARTIES  
WITH  
SPECIAL RATES FOR MCGILL  
STUDENTS**

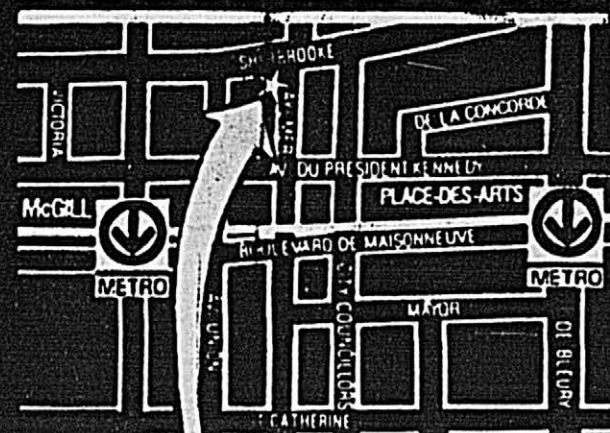
**THURSDAY NITE  
LIVE BAND  
FREE ADMISSION**

**NIGHTS  
1.25**



**9:00 PM UNTIL  
CLOSING**

**LOCATED AT**



**AMERICAN  
ROCK  
Cafe**

**LUNCH &  
DINNER**

- RIBS
- HAMBURGERS
- CHICKEN STYX
- SALADS



**2080 AYLMER, MTL. QUE. H3A 2E3 • 288-9272**